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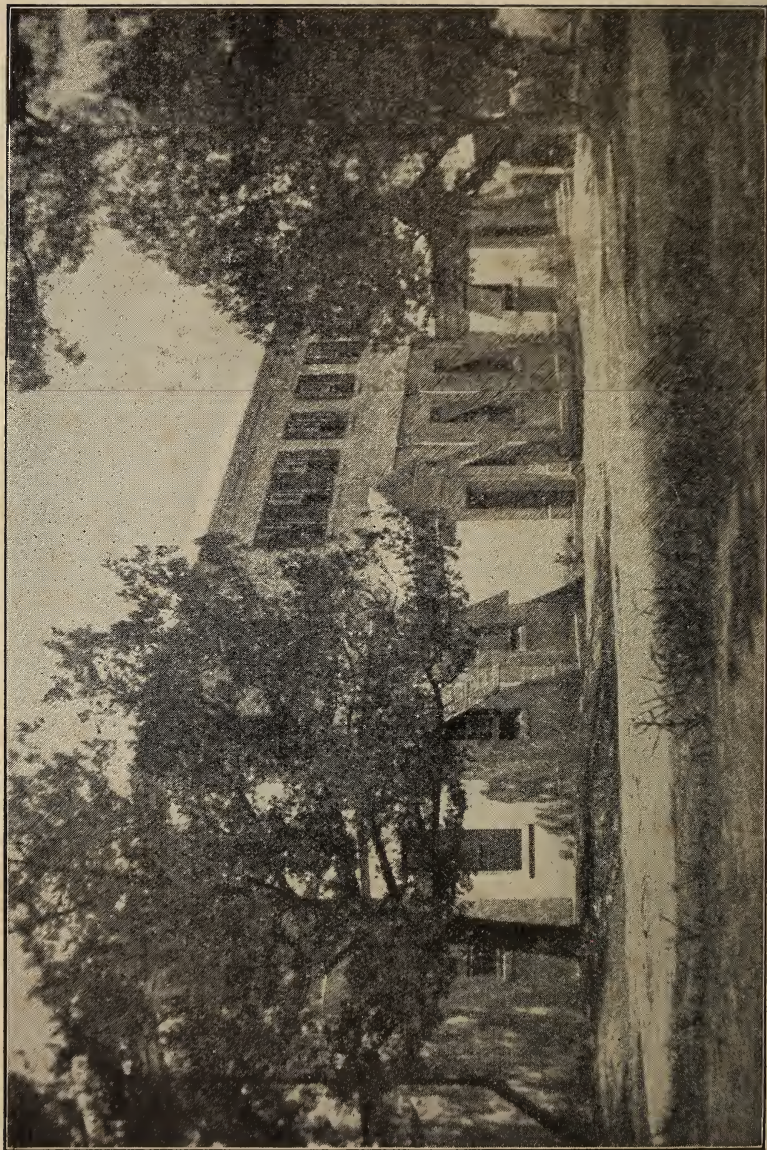
SUMMER
TERM 1932

H. J. Hall



No. 1

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Saltus Grammar School

Saltus Grammar School

Samuel Saltus, a merchant of Hamilton who died in 1880, left the residue of his estate towards the support of a good school for white persons in Pembroke Parish. His executors have given effect to his wishes, as they interpreted them, by establishing in 1885 what is now known as Saltus Grammar School. The school was first held at the Pembroke Sunday School, and was moved to the present building in 1893. This building was then composed of the big assembly room that we still have and two adjoining rooms. The first headmaster was Mr. Thomas Waddington, B.A., of London. The school has had a great success with Bermuda and Rhodes Scholarships. The first Rhodes Scholar was Mr. H. C. Cox, an old pupil of the school, while the first to get the Bermuda Scholarship was Mr. J. T. Gilbert, who was also an old Saltus Grammar School boy. The way in which the infant school was raised from a school of a few pupils goes to show how splendid a teacher our first headmaster must have been.

On the retirement of Mr. Waddington, Mr. Cox, the then Assistant Master, became Headmaster, and from a school of a score or more pupils who met in one room, the school has now become one of the best, if not the best, school for white boys in Bermuda.

Just after the war some new class-rooms were added to the School. A few years ago a new kindergarten was started which has proved very successful. In 1931 more additions were made and the school was completely re-organized. The playing field that was under water whenever there was rain, was raised about three feet and made a great deal larger. When the grass has grown it will be one of the finest fields in Bermuda. Another great asset is the chemistry laboratory. Four new masters were appointed, all of them with University degrees. The school now has a complete junior and senior school and is divided into houses.

G. GILBERT IV.

K. M. D. V.

Foreward

To me has been given the honour of writing a brief foreword to The Grammarian; an honour which I deeply appreciate.

During the past year the School has undergone extensive alterations, and many great improvements have been made. Soon we shall have a spacious and attractive Assembly Hall, adequate Staff Rooms, good and bright Class Rooms, and a Private Room for myself, which will be a great treat and comfort. As soon as the School is in order, we look forward to having Old Boys, parents and friends with us here, so that they might see us in our new and congenial surroundings.

Contemporaneously with the completion of the School, appears the first copy of The Grammarian. It is almost entirely the work of the boys. Under Mr. Voisey's keen and kindly guidance, much has been accomplished in a short time.

We deeply appreciate the great kindness and generous support of our many friends ever since the Saltus Grammar School began, and in the light of that fact, we trust that our magazine will find favour at their hands, and that encouraged by their appreciation and support we may be prompted to aim at something even better in our next issue.

HENRY C. COX,

Headmaster.

No. 1 The Grammarian Summer Term, 1932

EDITOR.....S. E. Hool

SUB-EDITOR.....R. L. Browne

COMMITTEE:—R. Freisenbruch, R. Ferguson, R. Burrows, J. Barritt

W. Conyers, M. Beavis.

Editorial

This issue of "The Grammarian" marks a new epoch in the history of the Saltus Grammar School. It is hoped this school magazine will provide a means of uniting the boys and of arousing their interest in problems and policies. The "Grammarian" also will foster literary and critical ability, as it contains contributions entirely from the boys of the School.

The School is honoured by the addition, this year, of five new members to the staff. Mr. H. J. Hallett, B.A., is teaching mathematics and taking charge of Sports. Mr. R. J. Voisey, B.A., in addition to his other teaching duties, is introducing Dramatics as an integral part of the School curriculum and is also fostering this magazine. Mr. D. L. Thomas, B.Sc., is now taking Geography and some Mathematics, until the completion of the new Science Laboratory, when he will take charge of that subject. Mr. L. Smith, B.A., is taking Form V-B, a new class which has been formed to give individual attention in certain subjects to those students who require it. Mr. P. G. Loyns, B.A., is teaching the Second Form, and is also renewing interest in the Scout troop. The boys appreciate the efforts of these new teachers, and will do all possible to co-operate with them.

Last summer, a new section of the School was built, containing a number of class rooms which give the boys and the staff a new freedom, not hitherto enjoyed. The new Science Laboratory, of which Mr. Thomas will take charge, was also begun last year, and will be in use, we trust, in the near future.

The new playing field was also begun last year and now, thanks to the Government, is adequate for both the present and future needs of the School. With this new equipment we are sure that the School will show great progress and development.

With such a start, the possibilities for future progress are endless. By arousing student interest, and with careful supervision, such interests as Dramatics, Debating and a School Band or Orchestra could be carried out.

The House System, which Mr. Cox is endeavouring to institute, promises to be a great success, providing that it receives the necessary support of the boys. This system provides in the school a rivalry in sports and studies, which increases the interest and tends to raise the standard of work.

The Cadet Drills are being regularly carried out, and are receiving better support than ever before.

The Scouts, under the direction of Mr. Loyns, are showing an enthusiasm in their work.

Great progress in these two organisations is possible with the continued support of their members.

There is an immediate need for a School Reference Library, which is keenly felt by both the Staff and the Students. It is not necessary at first, to start this on a large scale, as a small supply of reference books on the major subjects, would be a great aid. With no access to the Standard works on these subjects, the student can obtain no more than the necessarily limited viewpoint given by one text book. Also a Reference Library, no matter how small, encourages individual efforts and interest in research, and provides the necessary foundation for future college work.

The Saltus Boys are doing their utmost to establish "The Grammarian" as a permanent feature of the School, and ask for the support and interest of the parents and friends to make this new undertaking a success.

EDITOR.

School Officials

CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL.....S. E. Hool

HOUSE CAPTAINS:—

| | |
|------------------|----------------|
| Butterfield..... | R. L. Ferguson |
| Darrell..... | R. L. Browne |
| Saltus..... | S. E. Hool |
| Watlington..... | T. E. Pearman |

PREFECTS:—

| | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Butterfield..... | W. Conyers |
| Darrell..... | F. Watlington |
| Saltus..... | J. Peniston |
| Watlington..... | R. Friesenbruch |

CAPTAIN OF CRICKET.....R. L. Browne

VALETE

V.—K. N. DOE (S.), 1923-32; L/Cpl. in C. Corps, Patrol Leader in Scouts.

V-B.—S. R. DOE (B.), 1923-32; Form Captain, Cross Country Record.

III.—L. KURTZ (W.).

House Notes

BUTTERFIELD

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| HOUSE MASTER..... | Mr. Thomas |
| HOUSE CAPTAIN..... | R. L. Ferguson |
| HOUSE PREFECT..... | F. J. Barritt |
| MOTTO:—"Primus inter pares." | |

We, of Butterfield House, shall try our best to live up to our motto. We started badly by losing a cricket match to Darrell House, but we managed to defeat Saltus House. We are fairly confident that we shall defeat Watlington House when we play them. It was our first game of the season, that Darrell House scored their surprisingly easy victory. We can offer no excuses for our bad playing but we lost like sportsmen, and we hope to have another match against them. Our second match showed that we had the material for a good team, and we shall try to develop it into such.

Our Junior team has won every match it has played, and we are confident that they will continue to do so. We are well represented in all other sports, and our motto is well chosen.

R. L. FERGUSON,

DARRELL HOUSE

| | |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| HOUSE MASTER..... | Mr. R. J. Voisey |
| HOUSE CAPTAIN..... | R. L. Browne |
| HOUSE PREFECT..... | F. W. Watlington |
| MOTTO:—"Nulli Secundus." | |

Cricket.—Darrell House so far has won all the Senior matches, in which it has taken part, but the Junior games have been a total loss. The first senior match against Butterfield was an easy victory for us; the score being 26 to 112. The second game, which was against Watlington House, was a much better match. It was expected at the beginning of the day that Watlington House would be the lucky winners; but the day closed with another victory for us, Perry having been lucky enough to bowl out one of their best men for a very few runs. On Friday the 17th of June, we again expect to defeat Saltus House. As for the Junior match against Butterfield, we were defeated by a score of 38 to 26 runs.

In the Annual School Sports, we failed to live up to our Motto, by coming 3rd in points.

Darrell House is also well represented in the Cadet Corps, the Scouts, and several of its members are taking part in the School concert.

We hope in the future to do as well in the football series, as we have done in the cricket.

R. L. BROWNE.

SALTUS HOUSE

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------------|
| HOUSE MASTER..... | Mr. F. Cox |
| HOUSE CAPTAIN..... | S. E. Hool |
| HOUSE PREFECT..... | J. F. Peniston |
| MOTTO:—"Ad astra per aspera." | |

The Saltus House has come through a most successful sports season, winning the senior sports cup and coming out in the lead in the total number of points in the junior and senior divisions.

So far we have not been too successful in cricket, the senior division losing two games out of two and the junior division one of two. We hope, however, to change this in the next match.

S. E. HOOL.

WATLINGTON HOUSE

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| HOUSE MASTER..... | Mr. L. Smith |
| HOUSE CAPTAIN..... | T. E. Pearman |
| HOUSE PREFECT..... | R. Freisenbruch |
| MOTTO:—"Cor unum via una." | |

On Sports Day Watlington won the Inter-House Relay. We started the cricket season by beating Saltus by 48 runs to 6, but we lost to Darrell in the second game by 113 to 72. The Juniors have played one game with Saltus and have beaten them by 45 runs to 29.

R. E. Freisenbruch is Captain of the Senior team.

T. E. PEARMAN.

Form Notes

FORM VI

We of the Sixth Form feel that it is our duty to set an example for the rest of the forms. We are a small form of but seven boys, between the ages of fifteen and seventeen.

In our form are three senior prefects and four junior prefects. The house captains are also chosen from our midst.

Our work is set for the Senior Cambridge Certificate, and the standard is consequently very high. We realize that in our form we are trusted to uphold the high standard of the School, and therefore try our best to maintain it.

Ut quocunque paratus.

R. L. FERGUSON, Form Capt.

FORM V

The Fifth Form consists of twelve boys, who do their best to uphold the high standard of their school. These boys have shown their mental and physical ability as much as, if not more, than any other form in the School. Their physical capabilities have been proved by the fact that both the Senior and Junior Cups for boys obtaining the highest number of points, were won by boys of the Fifth Form. Also by the fact that six of these twelve boys are in the 1st XI in football.

R. E. FREISENBRUCH, Form Capt.

FORM V-B

Form V-B is new this year. It is made up of boys who are working hard and are trying to accomplish the work of Form V. They are given special attention by various masters of the School.

The sports were well represented in this form, for many prizes were won. This form holds the record for two cross-country races, one under fourteen and one open, and also the Half Mile Open.

It was unfortunate that one of the members was ill and unable to attend the sports, for he had many chances for other races.

This Form, as well as the others, is divided into four houses.

We consider that the class is making progress in achieving the aims for which it was formed.

S. R. DOE, Form Captain.

FORM IV

The Fourth Form formerly met in the old portion of the school building. When the new extension was completed this was made into class rooms, as an upper school containing Forms IV, V, and VI, and the Remove Form. To be admitted into Form IV, it is necessary to pass an examination. Now Form IV has the largest room in the new part. Some little time was taken to get settled, but now everything is very comfortable, and the room is much brighter than the old one.

The Form Master is Mr. Voisey, who takes the form in English, History and Latin. After being in the new room about two weeks, Mr. Voisey started a library, which has given the boys a great deal of pleasure. The work in the form is much improved by keen competition, caused by the division of the school into various houses. There is great rivalry between these houses, every boy working hard to make his the best.

The Form is now rehearsing a small play under the direction of Mr. Voisey to present at the end of the term.

M. WILLIAMS, Form Capt.

FORM III.

The captains of the Houses in Form III are as follows:—

| | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| DARRELL..... | Outerbridge |
| SALTUS..... | Watlington III. |
| BUTTERFIELD..... | Chiappa III. |
| WATLINGTON..... | Tucker |

The only member of Form III who won a prize in the cross-country race was Simmons, who came third in the under fourteen group. Simmons is in Saltus House.

In the Sports, Cooper I, and Chiappa III were second in the three-legged race. Simmons and Moniz were first in the three-legged race. Watlington III, as captain, did not let down Saltus House, as he was first in the consolation race. North of Saltus was second in the consolation race. Fountaine of Saltus was first in the sack race. In cricket Butterfield beat Darrell, and Watlington beat Saltus.

In Class Work, Darrell House has come first for the past four weeks.

I. OUTERBRIDGE, Form Captain.

FORM II

We in Form II are now having Examinations and we like them very much. We have also been divided into four houses, Butterfield, Darrell, Saltus and Watlington. Every Tuesday we play house matches. So far each house except Darrell House has won a match.

We are very sorry to have Mr. Loyns away ill, and we hope soon to see him back with us, for he was very much interested in us.

L. E. MAYOR, Form Captain.

FORM I

In Form I we do more work than we did in the Kindergarten. The class is divided into houses for work and games, and it is great fun to see which house wins.

We also have drill, and some of us are in the display for Prize Day.

T. CRAWFORD, Form Captain.

THE KINDERGARTEN

We have eighteen boys. Before recess we have reading, composition, sums and copy-work. After recess we have hand work and games.

D. CRITCHLEY.

The Bermuda Cadet Corps

The Bermuda Cadet Corps sprang from an organization which was started by Mr. Waddington, the first headmaster of the Saltus Grammar School, in 1898. This corps was known as the "Saltus Grammar School Cadet Corps," and was the first of its kind in the island. The first instructor was Sergeant Major Bellmore.

In 1905 the Bermuda Government made a grant for this Corps, so that other schools might also join it. The Corps was then affiliated to the "Bermuda Volunteer Rifle Corps," and remained so until 1931.

Two years ago, the Cadet Corps in England was dissociated from Government control, by the Labour Government. But with the new Government, it has been re-established by the War Office, and is governed by the National Cadet Association. In 1931 Bermuda Headquarters sent in an application for the Bermuda Cadet Corps to be affiliated to the National Cadet Corps, and in July of the same year, papers were received affiliating us with them.

The Corps was at its best about 7 years ago, when the cadets were practically all the same size, but since then it has gradually become weaker and weaker. Today it consists of a large majority of small boys.

The Cadet year is from July to June. A camp, extending over a period of 7 days, is held every year, during the first week of July. The camps are generally quite successful, except for one or two years when the food was very poor; last year, I am glad to say, was excellent. The routine for the day is as follows:—

Reveille at 6.00 a.m.

Bathing parade at 6.30 a.m.

Breakfast at 8.00 a.m.

1st Drill at 9.00 a.m., lasting until 9.50 a.m.

2nd Drill at 10 a.m., lasting until 10.50 a.m.

3rd Drill at 11.00 a.m., lasting until 11.50 a.m.

Dinner parade at 12.00 noon.

After dinner there is either a lecture or sports.

Bathing parade again at 5 p.m.

Supper at 6.00 p.m.

Guard Mounting at 6.30 p.m.

After this there is always either physical training or boxing.

"Last Post" is sounded at 9.00 p.m. and "Lights Out" at 9.30 p.m.

Among the sports held at camp are cricket, swimming, shooting. The track sports, which take place on the Thursday, are always upheld with the greatest enthusiasm. There is also an entertainment evening, generally organized for the 6th or 7th evening of camp.

Church parade is always held. For the last two years it has been held in camp in the afternoon; but before that, the boys had to march as far as St. Mary's Church in Warwick; but this was found to be too exhaust-

ing, especially for the smaller boys. The camp is always made most comfortable, and beneficial for all boys, and I would like to take this opportunity of asking the parents of all boys, who are members of the Corps, to allow their boys to come to camp.

When we have left camp, drills are again commenced in the first week of the Christmas Term. They are held every Wednesday, on the School grounds at 2.30 p.m. The training for the year consists of marching, platoon formations, war formations and all the general work, such as turning, forming fours, etc. Promotion generally takes place during camp. The Commanding Officer of the Bermuda Cadet Corps now is Major Murdoch, who is liked by all the boys very much. The present instructor is Sergeant Major Price, just recently come out from the depot in England.

R. L. BROWNE, Form VI.
Sgt. of S.G.S. Platoon.

Scout Notes

Last year in September, the whole Scout Troop of Bermuda was re-organized. Instead of having outside troops, each school was to organize its own, each troop to choose its own colours and uniform. Mr. Loyns, who had previously been in charge of a troop in England, was given charge of ours. Under his command we managed to get three full patrols. Patrol leaders were chosen by vote, and they were allowed to pick their own seconds.

At first we had to use the Trinity Hall for our meetings. This hall proved an excellent meeting room, being a large room without any uprights or posts of any sort to obstruct our games or drills. When the school is properly settled, we shall have a hall of our own, and then a keener interest will be taken in Scout work.

With four Patrol-leaders chosen, we then picked the members for each patrol. Names were chosen and then came the difficult problem of deciding the senior patrol. Mr. Loyns suggested a tournament lasting the first three months. The Hawks won it by a close margin, and are the seniors for this year. Mottos were chosen, the Bulldogs, under P.L. K. N. Doe, have "We hold on." The Eagles have "We fly high," their P.L. being E. H. Young. The Hawks have "We take all," their P.L. being Ferguson.

When the H.M.S. Danae was in port, we received an invitation to visit her with the rest of the Scouts and Guides. The invitation was eagerly accepted, and the Troop turned out in uniforms of khaki. On Board we were shown all the points of interest from stern to bow, and from the deck to the top of the bridge. All the technical points about the guns and torpedo firers, were ably explained by the officers. A delicious tea was served and then we left for shore.

This summer we hope to have a camp and here we feel confident that many merit badge tests will be taken and passed.

R. L. FERGUSON, Sen. P.L.

CONCERNING A NEW DEVELOPMENT

In an age in which specialists govern much of our thought and work, there are still certain matters which the average modest human reserves for his own special consideration. Rarely does a man argue with a locomotive driver, seldom will he reject the advice of a tried physician or lawyer, but he is rarely without clear views upon the best way of educating his children. The pedagogue is allowed a certain competence, but he is notoriously conservative and cannot be expected to know the child so well as the parent does. Moreover schools have so often aimed at so little, however essential that little may be; knowledge of the 3 R's and a smattering of grammar and wider subjects is a useful modicum of learning, but what about those long out-of-school hours and the whole process which we may conveniently call character building?

Those hoary institutions the boarding or "public" schools offer a solution, the parent is eased of a load of responsibility and the pedagogue takes charge. Perhaps it is unfair to see in the products, some of the uniformity and consequent defects of this method of mass production. In any case many parents feel that the lack of home influences during long periods of a boy's life is a definite loss and schoolmasters have evolved some sort of compromise.

Day secondary schools have developed in organisation and scope, for certain useful features of boarding-school life have been adapted to their needs. The house-system, delegation of power and duties to prefects, a stress upon games and athletics—all foster a corporate spirit and a feeling of individual responsibility in the actual school life. "More practical" subjects such as handicrafts and commercial courses have invaded the already over-burdened curriculum. But perhaps most important of all these developments, is the growing interest in and consideration for "out-of-school" activities,—debating societies, a school magazine, dramatics, Scouting and other activities of undoubted educational value, to occupy part of the boy's out-of-school or leisure time.

A boy's leisure is not so much time to be wasted and the problem of filling it with enjoyable yet useful recreation is difficult. All can appreciate the wide educational value of organised games of any sort, play-acting too and the imitation of the old heroes of history and legend have a natural appeal to the boy which hides the real "education by example." If we bear these two factors in mind we get some conception of the ethical purpose and the practical method which justify Scouting as an educational movement.

Baden-Powell founded the Boy Scouts because of his conviction that the race was deteriorating; comparative ease and security and the decline of personal skill and effort in a machine age, were destroying the virile individualism of the old race. The schools did not seem to be making great efforts to combat this evil but numerous other youth movements saw the danger and each in its sphere, was fighting the menace. Scouting was

offered as an ideal, a method and an organisation; the general public was not slow to appreciate this novelty, but it is only in the last few years that the official "guardians of youth," the teachers, have taken this movement seriously.

With the coupling of the two forces there is reason to hope for a strengthening and widening of both. Scouting aims at developing that practical self-reliance and spirit of cheerful and efficient service, which many find missing from among us today. Its methods are not essentially new, but their grouping is novel and stimulating; its world-wide popularity and steady growth are indications of its appeal, when adequately presented. The school on its academic side cannot do much more than furnish the boy efficiently with the learning he needs, any activity which may equip the boy more adequately for the more complete life has its educational value and as such must call for the attention and careful consideration of all.

P. G. L.

Sports, Etc.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON, 1931-32

The Sports Field of the Saltus Grammar School was enlarged by the Government to give the boys a chance of playing games. Owing to the difficulties of enlarging the field, and of getting grass to grow on it, the field was not ready to be played on this year. The Bermuda Athletic Association was kind enough to lend their field to us twice a week. We all hope that our field will be ready next season.

Every year the boys of the present school play against the Old Boys. This year the present boys intended to revenge their defeat of last season. We won the first two games; they won the next two, and after some hard fighting we managed to make the next match a draw. Owing to the lack of practice, the team was not up to the usual standard this year, but as we hope to have our field next year, we will stand a better chance of regaining the cup.

Mr. Hallett, one of the masters, is our Sports Master. He works exceedingly hard in all our games, encouraging and showing us our mistakes. Mr. Hallett is also a notable sportsman in Bermuda.

The School is divided into four houses: Saltus, named after Mr. Saltus; Watlington, after Mr. Watlington; Butterfield, after Mr. Butterfield, and Darrell, after Mr. Darrell. Mr. Saltus was a merchant in the town of Hamilton. In the year 1888 Mr. Saltus founded the School. Mr. Darrell, Mr. Butterfield and Mr. Watlington were the worthy trustees of Mr. Saltus, and still are the Trustees of the School. There is a captain of each house, and the competition in all sports between houses is very keen. In the last season's games Butterfield House won all of the games that it played.

R. E. FREISENBRUCH.

CRITIQUES

R. L. Ferguson—Goal keeper. Would make a good player with plenty of practice and instruction; but at present is lacking in knowledge

and experience of the game. Played fairly well during last season.

F. S. Peniston—A reliable full back. Knows his game well, and how to attack opposing forwards.

Sheppard—An erratic full-back. Plays an unsteady game; apt to miskick, and does not know his game as well as his mate.

S. E. Hool—A good sturdy half-back; improved immensely during last season. Sticks to his man well, but is not very sure of his position as a half-back. Should make a splendid player with a little coaching.

T. Murdoch—A rather erratic player; too bull-headed. Wastes energy on useless sliding, and is apt to tire before close of game. A good forceful kick when boot and ball connect.

J. Perry—Better in forward line than half-back. Does not know position too well, and has not a sure kick; but is willing to play to a finish. Plays well once in a while. Would do much better if he paid more attention to the game.

R. E. Freisenbruch—A good all-round player, but better as an inside forward than a wing. Needs more practice for wing position. Knows game well and would do much better with more backing up from half-backs.

W. T. Wilson—A rather timid inside forward; played fairly well for first season. Is not any too sure of inside forward's positions. Should make a good player with more experience.

C. A. Hooper—Not bad for his size, but rather small and light for his amount of knowledge of the game. Shot several goals for School during Old Boys Series last season.

H. M. Browne—Wanting in knowledge and experience. Not too bad as an outside forward, but inclined to hang on to ball too long. Will improve with experience.

Others who have also played:—

S. Gascoigne—During the first half of the season was captain of the team and played a very good game in the centre-forward position. Has plenty of courage and knows game well, but is apt to misjudge kicks at times. Can also head ball well.

P. R. Tucker—A rather unsure goal-keeper, who played for the first half of season only. Also played as an inside forward, but he has not enough control of ball for this position. With practice he would make quite a good goal-keeper.

R. Spurling—Rather heavy for a footballer and a bit slow. Is at his best in cool weather, but during warm period of the season is a bit overcome by heat.

R. L. BROWNE.

R. L. Browne—Forward—has captained the team very well during the latter half of the season. He makes a much better centre forward than inside-right, his shooting with either foot being hard and accurate. He knows how to keep his forwards together and how to start movements. He can head the ball when he tries, but is inclined to be a bit timid in this department of the game.—H.J.H.

SPORTS DAY

Thursday, fifth of May, saw the beginning of the School's annual athletic sports. The weather could not have been more desirable; the sky was cloudless and the sun shone brightly upon the field, which was in the best of condition. The first event started at nine o'clock and from then the various jumps and other events were completed by one o'clock.

In the afternoon the various parents, friends and associates of the school arrived to see the sprints and the major events of the day. By three o'clock the field was a mass of colour, with the ladies in various coloured dresses and the gentlemen in their summer attire, lining the ropes to watch the sprints.

This year the competition was keener than it has been for many a year, the various competitors being very evenly matched; the open events were those that interested the spectators the most, and that brought the most enthusiasm from the students of the school.

The fifth form carried away the majority of the honours, including the Point Cup and the Junior Point Cup. It is rare in the school's history for the Point Cup not to be won by the Sixth Form, and it is an honour that the Fifth Form will live up to.

J. F. Peniston and S. R. Doe were the favourites for the Point Cup, though actually Hool was runner-up; and the junior favourite was, without a doubt E. Freisenbruch, who is one of the oldest members of the Fifth Form. Mr. Thomas, when speaking to some of his pupils, said that he was proud of his form and that he thought the cross-country times compared favourably with those of school boys in the Mother Country.

Peniston won the 220 yards, quarter mile, 100 yards and was placed second in "Putting the Shot"; Doe won the cross-country, the time breaking all past records, and the half mile; the other events were won by the Sixth Form. Freisenbruch won all the events with the exception of the cross-country, which was won by J. Watlington, and he won the Junior Point Cup, which was presented to the school by Dr. and Mrs. Watlington.

After the sports tea was served in the club house to the visitors.

The prize-giving brought to an end a very enjoyable afternoon, which was carried through very successfully by the judges, masters and friends of the school. This year the prizes were presented by Mrs. Browne, the wife of the Bishop of Bermuda, to the boys who had been victorious in the day's sport.

R. H. BURROWS, V.

RESULTS

Cross Country Race—Under 12—1, W. C. Hallett; 2, J. D. Petty; 3, D. J. Shanks. Time, 2 m. 3 $\frac{3}{5}$ s. Cup presented by F. Cox. Under 13—1, F. C. Mullin; 2, W. R. Kempe; 3, E. G. Gibbons. Time, 3 m. 48 s. Under 14—1, F. C. Mansbridge; 2, E. O. Todd; 3, C. Simmons. Time, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. Under 15—1, J. B. Watlington; 2, A. Wingood; 3, S. Lines. Time, 5 m. 40 s. Under 16—1, W. T. Wilson; 2, W. T. Conyers; 3, H. M. Browne.

Time, 9 m. 08 s. Open—1, S. R. Doe; 2, F. W. Watlington; 3, R. L. Browne. Time, 10 m. 41 $\frac{4}{5}$ s. Cup presented by Mr. Edmund Gibbons.

Standing Long Jump—Open—1, S. E. Hool; 2, R. L. Ferguson; 3, R. E. Freisenbruch. Distance, 8 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. **Long Jump**—Under 10—1, E. C. Frith; 2, J. D. Petty; 3, R. L. Houghton. Distance, 11 ft. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. Under 11—1, H. M. Beavis; 2, J. Pitt. Distance, 11 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Under 12—1, W. C. Hallett; 2, G. Gilbert. Distance, 12 ft. 3 ins. Under 13—1, E. O. Todd; 2, W. R. Kempe. Distance, 12 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Under 14—1, M. Miller; 2, C. Simmons. Distance, 12 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ ins. Under 15—1, R. E. Freisenbruch; 2, S. M. Paschal. Distance, 15 ft. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. Under 16—1, W. T. Wilson; 2, H. M. Browne. Distance, 15 ft. 5 ins. Open—1, S. E. Hool; 2, R. L. Browne; 3, F. W. Watlington. Distance, 17 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

Putting the Shot: Open—1, S. E. Hool; 2, F. J. Peniston; 3, R. M. Browne. Distance, 31 ft. 6 ins.

Throwing the Cricket Ball: Under 15—1, R. E. Freisenbruch; 2, M. Miller. Distance, 73 yds. 2 ft. 10 ins. Open—1, R. L. Browne; 2, S. E. Hool; 3, W. T. Wilson. Distance, 82 yds. 1 ft. 6 ins.

High Jump: Under 12—1, W. C. Hallett and G. Gilbert; 2, M. C. Beavis and E. C. Frith. Height, 3 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Under 13—1, E. G. Gibbons and Mullin; 2, Kempe. Height, 3 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Under 14—1, M. Miller; 2, W. G. Franklin. Height, 4 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Under 16—1, W. T. Conyers; 2, H. M. Browne and R. H. Burrows. Height, 4 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Under 15—1, R. E. Freisenbruch; 2, S. Lines. Height, 4 ft. 6 ins. Open—1, R. L. Browne and F. W. Watlington; 2, J. Perry. Height, 5 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Cup presented by Mr. E. M. Doe.

80 Yards: Kindergarten—1, P. Welsh; 2, R. Kempe; S. Bowman. Time not taken.

100 Yards: Under 10—1, C. K. Frith; 2, J. Petty; 3, R. Houghton. Time, 15 $\frac{2}{5}$ s. Under 11—1, G. Welch; 2, C. H. Beavis. Time, 15 $\frac{2}{5}$ s. Under 12—1, W. C. Hallett; 2, G. Gilbert. Time, 14 s. Under 13—1, E. Todd; 2, E. Moniz. Time, 13 $\frac{2}{5}$ s. Under 14—1, M. Miller; 2, F. C. Mansbridge. Time, 14 $\frac{1}{5}$ s. Under 15—1, R. Freisenbruch; 2, S. Lines. Time, 11 $\frac{4}{5}$ s. Under 16—1, R. Burrows; 2, W. L. Wilson. Time 12s. Cup presented by Mr. G. Belvin. Open—1, J. F. Peniston; 2, R. L. Ferguson; 3, S. E. Hool. Time, 11 $\frac{1}{5}$ s.

Standing Long Jump: Old Boys—1, Mr. G. Belvin; 2, Mr. Hallett. Distance, 9 ft. 1 in.

100 Yards: (Visitors Over 14, Boys)—1, Card; 2, Ray. Time, 11 $\frac{4}{5}$ s. Visitors Under 14, Boys—1, Phalle; 2, Greet. Time not taken.

80 Yards: Girls over 14—1, Miss S. Trott; 2, Miss J. Dowle. Time not taken. Girls under 14—1, Miss Helen King; 2, Miss Jean Motyer. Time not taken.

Quarter Mile: Open—1, J. F. Peniston; 2, S. E. Hool; 3, S. R. Doe. Time, 58 $\frac{3}{5}$ s. Cup presented by Bermuda High School.

Three-Legged Race: Seniors—1, W. Kempe and C. A. Hooper; 2, H. M. Browne and R. E. Freisenbruch. Juniors—1, E. Moniz and C.

mentioned Mr. Waddington, a former headmaster, who did a great deal for the school. Another interesting point about his speech was his account of the additions that had been made to the school. It started as the big assembly room that we still have, with two adjoining rooms. The school was built in 1893, but it was found that there was not enough room, so the building was added to soon after the Great War. There was still not room enough as the numbers had increased a great deal, so in 1931 it was added to again, and now has a complete junior and senior school, with a new playing field and chemistry laboratory. Mr. Cox's speech received great applause.

Lady Cubitt then addressed the boys. In her speech on the British Empire she said that the Empire is like a huge chain, and every country in the British Empire matters very much to the Mother Country, because this chain has millions and millions of links, and if one of these links were to drop off, or to become weak, the chain would break. The chain might be repaired, but the country that dropped out would have done much damage to the chain, because it would take a number of years to fix the new link.

Lady Cubitt said it is only the old men that are trying to do their best for the Empire, and all young boys and girls should try and do their best also. If they do not try to do their best, the Empire will break all to pieces.

J. R. GIBBONS,

G. C. GILBERT, IV.

THE BERMUDA AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION

The Bermuda Agricultural Exhibition is held once a year, generally in April, in the grounds of the Agricultural Station, which is just on the south side of the Hospital. Going to the Exhibition by the Western Gate you would have to pass the Hospital.

After you had walked by that gate into the grounds of the Agricultural Station, you would find on your right hand the Arts and Crafts place on your left many stalls. Beyond these stalls were the flowers. If you followed this road along you would come to the Arena, where all the sports are held. On the right side of the Arena are the dogs; beyond these were the pigs, and beyond these were the poultry and vegetables.

Among the Arts and Crafts there were some wonderful exhibits. There was a steel boat that ran by steam, beautifully painted in green. There were also some liners that were well made. The maps and drawings were done beautifully.

The flowers, especially those of the children, were very pretty.

There were some lovely Alsations; one of which I stroked for about ten minutes.

The hens and ducks all looked as if they were very well fed. The farmers put in some lovely vegetables. As I looked at the tomatoes I wished I could eat some.

On the first day of the Exhibition six thousand people went, while last year only three thousand went. This was on account of the Bermuda Railway which has recently been opened.

There was nothing much done in the Arena on the first day; but on the second day there was the Marathon race, some tugs-of-war, and some wonderful physical drill. Such grand sports as these had not been held in Bermuda for a long time.

On the third day took place the jumping and hurdling. Many of the horses would not go over the hurdles, and they had to be led away before they did any damage to their riders.

The Bermuda Railway makes a large profit out of such things as these, for people come from every part of the Island to see them by the train.

Such an exhibition as this held in Bermuda also encourages agriculture very much.

M. BEAVIS, IV.

Original Articles

CAMPING

A few years ago I went camping with my mother and father and brother on the shores of Lake Huron in Canada.

We were stopping with friends for the summer and one morning we started off in our canoe with all our camp supplies and provisions for the week.

We paddled up the lake till we found a nice spot to set up our tent. The woods in that part of the country are very beautiful and in the summer full of wild berries and fruit of which we enjoyed eating as much as we wanted. The woods in the North are very different from ours in Bermuda, as they are full of little streams and springs of water. Often during the week we went gathering berries and came back with our baskets full. One night we were awakened by some animal sniffing around the tent.

While we were there we did some swimming, but not much, because the water was very cold and there was no fun diving into it, because it was so black.

We did some fishing, for the fish are easy to catch and very good to eat after a hungry day in the open. We all hope to go back again some day for a longer camping trip, as it all was such good sport.

J. H. WATLINGTON, III.

"DAINTY" ARRIVES

On Monday, May 23rd, the little yawl Dainty, which is only 35 feet long bid farewell to the people of Bermuda who are interested in the coming ocean race from New London to Bermuda, which starts from Montauk

Point on June 25th, 1932. At the dock in New York everyone expressed their surprise at seeing her so soon. We understand that all credit is due to Mr. Bert Darrell. Her crew consists of Mr. B. Darrell, Mr. R. Darrell, Mr. A. Darrell, Mr. V. Frith, Mr. D. Hooper and Captain Chalk.

The Dainty went as far as Chub Cut under power, then hoisted sail for New York. We received the good news of her arrival by cable. She only took four days nine hours, this being a record trip for a boat of her size.

When one looks back, not many years ago this was the only way in which people could travel. It goes to prove that although the world has grown, the Bermuda rig, which is known the world over, still stands high as far as yachtsmen are concerned. They have something to be very proud of.

Good luck to the "Dainty" in the coming ocean race!

J. F. PENISTON, V.

THE DOCKYARD

When you come to the Dockyard from Hamilton, one of the first things you would see would be the men-of-war. After you have been landed, you would be faced by offices. Between the offices and a dynamo station there is a road which passes the clock tower and the high tide time. Under the Tide Clock there is a bell, which belonged to an old vessel that landed at Bermuda.

Behind the clock tower there is a building called the Sail Loft. It is here that every night talking pictures are shown. Going on a bit further we pass a ship-fitting shop and then reach the North or Main Gate, leading out of the yard. Here the road parts, one part goes up and the other through the remaining part of the dockyard. Going along the lower road we pass various workshops, and then we come to the actual dock. The dock can be looked over on almost any morning, but cameras are not allowed inside the yard. Then we come to the South Gate.

If we had taken the other road out of the dockyard, we should have passed two oil tanks. Then we would have seen the post office. After that there are rows of houses.

Later on the two roads meet, and go across a bridge, called the Cut Bridge. This bridge, really joins Dockyard Island and Ireland Island, but the whole is usually called just Ireland Island.

ABRAHAM, IV.

FISHING IN LEICESTERSHIRE

In company with two game-keepers, I set out early one summer morning on a fishing trip. The sky was clear and the fields through which we passed before coming to the lake were a mass of colour, being covered with buttercups, and a scattering of numerous wild flowers which are found in the Midlands of England.

On arriving at the boat-house, we sorted the fishing tackle, and stored it in the boat with the bait and lunch, and set off. In the middle of the lake was an island, and it was decided that the fishing would be good on the shady side. The skiff being anchored a little way off shore, the rods were set up and baited with the worms dug up early that morning. After this, there was nothing for us to do but wait for the tug which would mean a bite, and also give hopes of a catch. Suddenly one of the men's rods was bent almost double, and the fight was on. We were all excited as we knew from the pull that the fish was one well worth landing. After playing the fish for fifteen to twenty minutes, it was landed in the boat, and proved to be a pike of considerable size. We were very encouraged; but unfortunately that was our total catch of the morning.

By one o'clock we were ready for lunch, so we landed on the island, and thoroughly enjoyed the simple but ample fare. On wandering over the island which was covered with willows and rhododendrons, I discovered a crane's nest, with two eggs in it. Never having seen a crane's egg before, I immediately pocketed one, and left the other untouched; after which I returned to the boat.

Once more we set out, and during the afternoon had better luck, as our patience was rewarded by a catch of three perch and seven roach.

At sun-down we returned to the boat-house very tired, but feeling well satisfied with our day's results. Here we put everything in ship-shape order, and stringing our catch on a line, wandered slowly home, where a hearty supper and a good night's rest was waiting for us.

W. T. WILSON, V.

THE BERMUDA DINGHY RACES

Bermuda is an ideal place for the development of water sport, especially for sailing, having suitable weather practically throughout the year.

During the summer months of 1931 certain members of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club organized a series of dinghy races to be sailed by a one design class of dinghies, specially imported to be raced by boys under eighteen.

The races began during the time mentioned, but this being the first series of dinghy races in Bermuda for the younger generation, there were only ten dinghies competing.

There are several regulations, but I will only say something of the most important. A dinghy on the port tack must give way to one on the starboard tack. If a stake boat is touched, the boat is disqualified from the race entirely. Each dinghy while rounding the stake boat must have a certain amount of room, if not the boat jamming another loses its points also.

Getting a good start is a most important factor in the success of a race. This is perhaps the most spectacular time in the race for onlookers, each boat jockeying to get the best position. Five minutes before the hour

appointed for the start, a warning gun is fired, so that the boats may be brought as near the line as possible.

The actual race is generally two beats to windward and two to the leeward. Another of the principles is to get to the windward of the other dinghies, so as to have a greater advantage over the rest.

Rounding the stake boat is a part of the race which needs much practice also. A good sailor will often get the better of the other boats in this position. If a boat is able to round the stake boat safely in a bunch of dinghies, it has a fair chance. Still one needs to be skillful at keeping the sails in the wind, pointing up as far as possible and balancing the boat. All these things must be borne in mind throughout the race, if not, you will be found straying behind. If a boat is to be kept in racing condition it is necessary that she should be well cared for, bailing her out after each rain, keeping her free from moss, painting her once in four months. The most important thing is to haul her up the day before, or at least six hours prior to the race to dry her out, as boats are likely to become sodden very quickly.

This year, 1932, these dinghies are racing every Saturday until the end of July, then twice a week for the summer holidays, for a cup presented by Mr. Briggs Cunningham, an American who sailed in the six metre yacht races this year.

Just at present ten dinghies race at 2.30 each Saturday. The boys that sail these dinghies have a great interest in them, and they afford pleasant, heathy exercise.

H.M.B. V.

AN ADVENTUROUS OUTING

"Just think of it," said Dick. "Makes me jump for joy. Now Daddy has given me a new, big sailing boat, we shall be able to sail out to Barren Islands. I'm not going to miss the chance, if tomorrow we are all free."

Dick, the eldest of three brothers, had just been given by his father a brand new sailing boat. His two brothers were Arnold, the youngest, and Harry, who came between Arnold and Dick. They lived by the sea on one of the many British Islands in the South Pacific Ocean. About three miles out to sea was a small island which was uninhabited; it was about two miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. This was the island that Dick, Arnold and Harry meant to sail to.

The next day looked like a good one for sailing, but Jack, who was an old sailor, told them to look out, because he thought that it was going to be very windy.

It took less than a quarter of an hour to put the sails on the "Fleetwing," and they were soon moving fast through the water towards Barren Island. It took the "Fleet-wing" about half an hour to reach the island.

Arnold, who was in the bow, was eager to be first ashore, and as soon as the boat was about two yards away from the land, he took a big jump; which, if the boat had stayed still, would have taken him safely onto land.

But as the boat was only a small one, it went backwards under his feet, the result being that poor Arnold fell short of his mark. Luckily, however, it was not deep where he fell, and although he got soaked up to the waist, he managed to keep his shirt dry.

"You silly idiot!" said Dick, "this is the way you spoil all our outings!"

"I'm sorry," said Arnold, "but I did not mean to!"

I know you didn't mean to, but you must be more careful. Now haul down that mainsail, Harry, and drop the anchor."

Harry soon did this, and they joined Arnold, who had clambered ashore, and who was shivering and looking very doleful.

They then all broke into a run, heading for a little hill where they could command a view of the Island. This they climbed, Dick being the first one on top.

"I say," he said, panting from his exertions, "It's getting awfully windy, and I think we'd better go home soon."

"Not yet," said Harry. "We can have a look round first."

So they clambered down again and ran towards the other end of the island.

"I'll be first one there," shouted Dick, who was outstepping the others by a good bit. At that moment, though, there was a grunt and a rush, and a wild boar sprang out at him, its front teeth only just missing Dick's legs, and Dick pulling out a large knife, ran behind a tree. The others followed his example, for they all had knives.

"Look out, Harry!" shouted Dick, "he's coming for you!"

Harry was only just in time in springing aside, and as the boar passed him, he threw his knife, point first, into its mouth. The boar tossed his head trying to get rid of the knife that way, but the knife stuck firmly in. Finding that it would not come out, it charged away into the bush, squealing all the time, and disappeared.

"I think I've had enough of it," said Arnold, who was very white, in a quivering voice, "Let's go home."

They were soon in the boat again and after having had some refreshments, they started out. The wind was blowing out to sea, which made progress very slow.

They went in waters that they had never been in before, having to make wide tacks. Just at the end of one of these taks, Arnold saw a boat in the distance.

"That's Daddy come out to look for us," cried Arnold, "I do hope he can see us." Just as he finished the sentence there was a terrific bump and a large hole appeared in the boat's bottom. Dick let go of the tiller, jamming his coat down the hole. The result of Dick's letting go of the tiller was that the boat came about again and hit the very same rock that it hit before. This made another hole appear in the bottom, and the boat began filling quickly.

"We shall be drowned," cried Arnold.

"Not today, at any rate," said Dick, who was being as cheerful as he

could. "You help me to take these bottom board off, they will help to keep us up. Harry, let slack on that mainsail. That's right, now we're set even if we do sink."

"But the boat won't sink," said Harry, "It's made of wood."

"What with the weight of the wet sails," (for they had got wet from the spray) "and the centreboard, I'm afraid it might. At any rate, Daddy will soon be here and he will rescue us." At that moment a wave came over the side, and the boat was already half-full.

"Be ready!" said Dick. "Keep a tight hold on this board, if it does sink, Arnold!" At that moment they could hear the engines of their father's motor boat.

Just as they thought the boat was going to sink, the keel touched something hard. Then the "Fleet-wing" stopped sinking for it was resting on some rocks.

About a minute afterwards they were pulled onto their father's boat. The "Fleetwing" was then secured to the back of the motor boat, and when Dick asked if it would sink, his father laughed and said, "Of course it won't, it's made of wood."

"Told you so," said Harry, who had recovered from his scare. The motor-boat soon reached home, and although Dick was scolded, his father knew that he was not to be blamed, and had the "Fleet-wing" repaired for him.

BEAVIS, IV.

ICARUS AND DAEDALUS

I was drawing my plans for King Minos of Crete when I made a mistake which he did not like. He said that if I did not have it corrected by morning, he would imprison me. I left it behind and forgot to correct it. I came the next morning, and he asked if I had finished it. I told him I had not. He said that I was to go to prison with my son, Icarus.

As my son and I sat at the window of our prison, I was wondering how we could escape. I was watching for hours a seagull sailing through the air. He would flap his great wings and range for a while looking for his young ones. After he had fed them, he began to teach them one after the other to fly. They could flap their tiny wings and flutter about, while he would get underneath them and help them to fly. As I watched them, I thought of a plan.

A week or two after, some feathers floated in at my window. I piled them up, till I thought I had enough to make a pair of wings for myself and a small pair for my son. I found some wax in the holes in the wall. I moulded it out in the shape of a wing and carefully fitted the feathers in it. I learned how to fly and taught my son too. I told him not to fly too high or the sun would melt the wax and the feathers would drop out, or too low for the mist of the earth would make him lose his way and he would fall and be killed. Finally we could fly very well.

I waited for a day when the winds were light. I got through the window and told my son to follow me. I saw that his wings were secure, then we jumped off and rose up in the air. The people thought that we were gods as we were flying for a distant island.

My son kept flying higher and higher till the heat of the sun melted the wax; the feathers began to drop out, and he started to fall. I heard a great cry and flew back to help him, but when I got there, I saw nothing but the feathers floating about, which told me that he was drowned.

I flew to the nearest Island and hung my wings on an altar as an offering, and promised never to use them again. I named the island Icaria after my son.

JOHN PITT, II.

A TEST FOR ANY SAILOR

It was not until late in the afternoon of June 6th, 1926, that we had completed the task of preparing our small yawl for her long sea voyage, which we were to begin the following day.

At five o'clock the next morning we slowly glided out over the reefs at the western end of Bermuda, just in time to witness the rising of the sun, which cast a beautiful golden glow over the eastern heavens.

With the cool southerly morning breeze, which freshened slightly as we entered the great Atlantic, we soon were gliding swiftly on our way with her bows headed for the great American Continent in a north-westerly direction. We left our beautiful Bermuda behind us in the faint mist which still hung over the sleeping isle, covering its low wave-like hills with its greyish beauty.

By noon the faint grey line of Bermuda which had grown fainter and fainter in the distance, had completely vanished, leaving us only with the sub-tropical sun blazing down on our deck, the long rolling ocean and the ever refreshing sea breeze, which never failed to give us an excellent appetite.

All afternoon the wind kept at a steady rate, but by sun-set it freshened, and blew a stiff night breeze from the east, which sent our little craft through the water at about twelve knots.

The sun-set was beautiful, with its grand golden glow reflecting on the clouds that appeared to nestle around it, whilst the whole ocean seemed to shine with its brilliance. Gradually it changed: the sky became dimmer, and the sea darker with a greyish blackness that makes one feel lonely and depressed.

Then came the profound greyness of the entire surroundings, save for the ocean which had become jet black and more angry looking than before. It seemed to heave our little craft up and down angrily with some unknown vengeance that never seemed to cease, but only to become more angry with the inky blackness of the mid-Atlantic night.

Having lit our starboard and port lights, and lashed her helm, we went below to her small but comfortable cabin, where we spent most of the evening listening to the old seaman "Vic" tell yarns of his adventures.

About ten o'clock the wind became much stronger, and shifted to the south-east, blowing at about sixty miles an hour. We were all called on deck to trim sail, which in such a breeze was no easy work. The mainsail on the foremast was the most difficult to handle, for it was a huge spread of canvas rising to a height of 46 feet above the deck, and 23 feet along the boom.

Two of us were ordered to man the halyard, one was at the helm, while the other three lashed in the sail as we let it down.

We had worked at this sail for fully an hour, and by this time the wind was blowing a strong south-east gale, sending the seas high over her deck, flooding the cockpit and rushing off into the foaming fury, that boiled around us, every minute threatening our frail craft and crashing pitilessly on her tiny deck.

We had scarcely finished lashing the mainsail down, when a huge sea struck the after part of the boat, carrying away with it the sail on the mizzen mast, but fortunately doing no damage to the mast itself.

Our next task was to get the jib down and to lash the boom on the mizzen mast in place.

Clinging to the mast, I managed with great difficulty to uncleat the jib halyards. Out the jibs flew in the wind, and after another half-hour's work, we succeeded in securing them and finishing our long and exhausting task, which we found had taken two and three-quarter hours.

As the wind had dropped considerably we were able to leave one man on deck, while the rest of us went below to try to get a little sleep if possible.

Whether the rest did or not, I am unable to say, for on throwing myself down on my bunk, I fell into a dreamless sleep of exhaustion.

I was awakened some hours later by the first watchman, who told me that it was my turn to go on watch.

I went on deck and found that the gale had passed over, and though it was still dark the stars twinkled brightly above me. The wind blew gently from the south again, and the ocean was calm compared with its state a few hours before.

I seated myself at the helm and gazed wonderingly at the crowded heaven, for there was nothing else for me to do. Thus I passed an hour in the star-lit darkness until the sky began to lighten in the east.

The first sign of the sun's rising was a long, low bar of golden light, which brightened gradually until the whole eastern heaven was a blaze of gorgeous beauty.

This was worth all my night's toil, for never have I seen anything as beautiful as that sunrise.

All were on deck by 5.30 a.m., and I retired to finish my night's sleep.

About five in the morning of the fourth day at sea, we sighted the long gray line of America, dimly visible by the faint light of the rising sun, and by noon the tall sky-scrapers of New York could be seen clearly as we glided up the Hudson River, and into the yacht-yard where we were to prepare for the race back to Bermuda.

W. T. CONYERS, V.

A TRIP TO THE MT. WASHINGTON RANGE

By Boys of Camp Hawthorne, Panther Lake, Raymond, Me.

Before I begin to describe the mountain trip to Mt. Washington I think I ought to say something about Camp Hawthorne. It is a summer camp for boys, situated in the Maine woods on a cape of land of over one hundred acres extending into Panther Lake, (3 miles long and 1 mile broad) twenty-five miles directly inland from Portland Maine, near the village of Raymond. The camp season lasts from July 1st to August 27th, 1932.

On August 2nd, 1931, fifteen campers, one junior councillor and two councillors left the camp by bus for Pinkham Notch, which is a hut belonging to the Appalachian Mountain Club, and sixty-five miles away at the foot of Mt. Washington. We had sandwiches, milk, and fruit for lunch by the roadside. We arrived at Pinkham Notch in the early part of the afternoon, and after we had picked out our bunks in the cabins, we hiked to Emerald Pool about three miles farther down the road. The pool was anything but emerald, but it was certainly cold. We started back and arrived about an hour before supper. In the meantime we tried to ring horseshoes.

Next morning we were up bright and early; most of us took showers while a few others, more lazily inclined, did not indulge. We had breakfast and started up the mountain trail about 8.15 a.m. At first the climbing was most exhausting, which necessitated frequent stops. In the afternoon we had become used to climbing and only stopped at long intervals. On this mountain trip chocolate bars and raisins are taken to refresh the boys between meals. We stopped at the "Silver Cascades," a small but beautiful waterfall and again at "Hermit Lake Shelter," where we had chocolate bars and raisins. Our next stop was the head wall where we ate our lunch which we had carried from Pinkham Notch. We then moved on to the "Lake of the Clouds" hut, where we picked our bunks. Nine of us went swimming for a little while only, as the altitude was about six thousand feet and the water was very cold. We then climbed to the peak of Mt. Washington, where we stayed for a couple of hours. There is a hotel there owned by the Mount Washington Railway. They run a cog-wheel train up to the top of the Mountain for people who are not active enough to climb it. As the transportation of food to the hotel is difficult, it is very expensive. A good example of this is a dough-nut costing ten cents.

Wednesday morning we started early and climbed Mts. Clay, Jefferson and the two Adams. We then came down to the "Madison Spring Huts," where we met Camp Arcadia, a camp for girls. The clouds were very low, hanging around the hut. In a little while the rain was pouring down furiously upon the roof. We spent a most enjoyable evening playing cards with the girls of the camp until bed time. After breakfast we started down the mountain trail from Mt. Madison at 8.30 a.m. and arrived at the bottom about noon where we met the camp bus. On our way back

we stopped at Pinkham Notch and bought souvenirs. We all agreed that the trip was wonderful except for our blistered feet and toes.

JOHN BARRITT, VI.

SHIP-WRECK

It was on my first voyage that the most tragic ship-wreck I was ever in occurred. We were many miles at sea. I was a new hand, making my first trip as an apprentice. Our ship was a four-masted schooner, out of Halifax, N.S., bound for Bermuda with a cargo of coal.

It was a sweltering hot day, and all the crew that were off duty were lounging in the shade of the mainsail. There was not a bit of breeze, and our sails were hanging in great shapeless masses. The sea was as smooth as glass, and the sky looked like a great inverted blue bowl, with the sun a golden spot in its centre. There was not a sound, except the clattering of a swinging block, the scrape of a loose rope, and the sound of the captain's footsteps.

He was pacing up and down the deck, his forehead wrinkled in a puzzled frown. Now and then he would gaze out towards the Northern horizon, as if trying to see over the rim. We did not know that the barometer was rapidly falling, and this is what worried the captain.

At last, as if satisfied, he ordered all hands on deck, to take in all the sails, to batten down the hatches, and to tie all movable gear to the deck. I thought the captain had taken leave of his senses, but the captain's word is law at sea, so I and the rest of the grumbling seamen went aloft to take in sail.

At last the sails were neatly furled, with the exception of one. We were going back to the deck, except for those luckless men furling that sail. On the way down, I happened to be facing the north. There, stretching from the East to the West was a purple haze that was bearing down on us with incredible speed. I was aware of a tiny whistling noise that grew, until it seemed to be breaking my ear-drums. All the sailors were running madly for the forecastle, but I ran aft to the captain. Just as I reached him a great gust of wind hit us. It seemed as solid as the face of a board, and had the captain and I not been sheltered by a deck house, we would have been swept overboard, as the man at the wheel had been.

Our vessel heeled over until our lee-rail was under water. That sail that the men had been taking in, was blown out of its stays with a crack like a cannon shot. The mast, weakened by the shock went overboard, carrying with it five unfortunate seamen, and then remained by our side, held by numerous ropes, a tangled, splintered mass of wreckage.

There was nothing for us to do but run before the wind with bare poles. To attempt to turn our bow into the wind would be impossible. The wreck of our once proud and stately mast, kept pulling us broadside to the waves. This made it necessary for it to be cut loose. The captain ordered me to

go and get three men to help me do this job. I managed to get two; the others openly refused to leave the forecastle. I and my two helpers tied ropes around ourselves in case we were washed overboard. Then began the long and dangerous job of cutting away the ropes. Twice I was washed overboard, but each time managed to climb back by the rope to the deck, cut and bruised, but nevertheless more determined to finish the job. At last the job was done, and I returned to the captain, tired, half-drowned, but happy in the knowledge that I helped save the ship.

Thus for many hours we were buffeted about by the storm-lashed sea and wind. With great clouds shutting out the heavens, ringing us in a little world of our own, and so low that they seemed to be touching our three remaining masts. Then the mate, stationed in the bow, cried "Breakers ahead!" With these words he scrambled aft, across our wave-washed deck. A few seconds before we struck, I saw the breakers, a great foam covered mass, that seemed as soft as cotton-wool, but was as hard as iron, and as sharp as swords.

We struck. Two of the remaining masts went overboard, snapped off at the deck, but the mizzen mast tottered back and forth, and remained standing, held only by the stays. We struck with such force, that the boat was driven half way up the reef. The sailors in the forecastle must have been instantaneously killed, for where they were was now a mass of splintered wreckage. Nevertheless the captain tried to cut his way down to them, but the ship was fast breaking up.

Our life-boats had been reduced to kindling wood, but we cut a mast loose, and tying ourselves to it, tried to reach shore. Before we managed to get away from the ship the mizzen mast came tumbling down, and hit the mate, breaking his arm and leg. The last I can remember was being lifted by a huge wave over the reefs. Something hit me on the head and I lost consciousness.

I regained my senses a week later, and discovered we were wrecked on the north reefs of Bermuda. The captain and I were the only survivors. He was uninjured, but I was cut and bruised, and sore all over. The mate had reached the shore alive, only to die in hospital, of internal injuries, received by the falling mast. The captain was given another ship, and I sailed on her as his mate.

R. L. FERGUSON, VI.

THE SCHOOL CLOCK'S LAMENT

Bong! Bong! Heigh-ho! Another day started. That new-fangled clock is striking eight. I can imagine its face, its proud ticking, waiting for the key of the school door to click in the lock.

I can remember my first day. I can remember when two workmen put me up on the wall facing the door. I ticked away proudly and patiently waited for morning to come.

At last the lock clicked back, and I was about to begin my duties. How proud I felt when the pupils came in and gazed at me, pointed their fingers at me, and remarked that I was the most useful object in the school.

It was then that I realized how important I was; for if I were slow, the whole school would be late. If I were fast, the whole school would get out ahead of the set time.

At first my works were stiff and new, and I was always slow. Instead of looks of praise, I received looks of anger. However, in a short time my works were worn smooth, and then I lost no more time.

Years rolled by, and the boys I first saw vanished. New faces appeared, taking the places of the old ones. I heard them talking of a great war in some foreign country. Soon they began to talk of peace, called the Armistice. Then—how well I can remember that day—a great white tablet was placed on the opposite wall. A great ceremony was attached to the placing of this tablet, and all eyes were on it. No one noticed me, ticking the minutes faithfully.

How jealous I felt to think I was no longer the centre of attraction; but my pride was saved, when, after a few weeks, I was again the centre of all eyes.

For years I ticked faithfully on, never losing a minute. Then a new addition was built to the school. At first I heard a great knocking, and then I heard a number of boys talking about the new school. By this time I was no longer a new and beautiful clock, but worn and old-fashioned. However many years have passed, and now two workmen took me down, because they were going to rebuild the whole building. I fondly hoped to be put back in my old place of honour, but, alas, a new clock was brought to take my place.

It was one of these new fangled clocks, and instead of a good loud ring to its chimes, it had a very musical running note. However, I wish the new clock luck in its long life, for I realize that the new must ever replace the old.

R. L. FERGUSON, VI.

We regret to announce the sudden illness of Mr. Loyns, who is now in the Hospital. As soon as he is stronger, Mr. Loyns will be returning to England, where we wish him a complete and speedy recovery.

His good work in the School, and his keenness in the School Scouts cause us to regret deeply his departure from our midst.

H. C. C.

CHICAGO ?

He thrust his deadly weapon deep
 And drew it red with gore.
 He pulled it out with fiendish sweep,
 To plunge it in once more.

And then he paused, his grim work done,
 As if in doubt, looked round:
 "I beg your pardon, sir," he said,
 "Did you say half a pound?"

S. R. DCE, V-B.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S LOT

When Bobby fails to pass Exams,
 The master is to blame.
 When Billy is not up to par,
 The reason is the same.
 But when with E's report's adorned,
 With here and there a G,
 Each parent says complacently:
 "The boy takes after me."

S. E. H. VI.

BROWN'S DAY

The school's ninth batsman had been bowled
 When Brown came to the wicket,
 Determined that the crowd should see
 A grand display of cricket.

Fifty runs were needed yet,
 But never did Brown falter.
 For if they'd only wait a bit,
 This stae of things he'd alter.

The first ball Brown whacked far for two,
 The next he cut for double.
 And soon the fielding side perceived
 That they were in for trouble.

Each over, too, his style improved,
 The bowlers were confounded.
 And after every mighty swing
 The crowd with cheers resounded.

His speech so very eloquent
 Was never quite completed,
 For Brown awoke in time to hear
 The school had been defeated.

S. R. DOE, V-B.

THEY SAY

That Lady Cubitt's speech about the Empire was excellent.

* * *

That Form V's talkative boy talks at the rate of 3,000 words an hour and
 at an average of 262,800,000 a year.

* * *

That V-B's comedian is improving his ignorance by catching flies.

* * *

That if it wasn't for the new teachers we might not have had our magazine.

* * *

That Mr. Hallett has improved out football team greatly.

* * *

That the French play shows up the girlish boys.

* * *

That the fat boy from Spanish Point has been beaten by the Pembroke
 one who is advertising the Phoenix for making boys fat.

* * *

That the boys should coax Mr. Smith to give us some lectures on Japan.

* * *

That the School regrets to hear of Mr. Loyns' illness and hopes to see him
 at school soon.

* * *

That the trees on the field are being hacked down.

* * *

That Peniston won the Point cup with a hard struggle.

* * *

That the detention book brings groans to all forms and Young I must get
 plenty of pleasure giving it to them.

* * *

That this is not the Colonist, but one of V-B's boys trying to be funny.

E. M. Y., V-B.

Editorial Plea

Now that we are launching this magazine we hope its voyage will be long and successful. The builders will put their guarantee upon the construction of its timbers, but this is not all that is required in the enjoyment of a pleasant cruise. We need the co-operation of the crew, the officers and the passengers and we know if this is given us, the course will be straight and steady and will leave the rocks behind.

EDITOR.





